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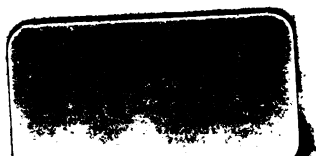
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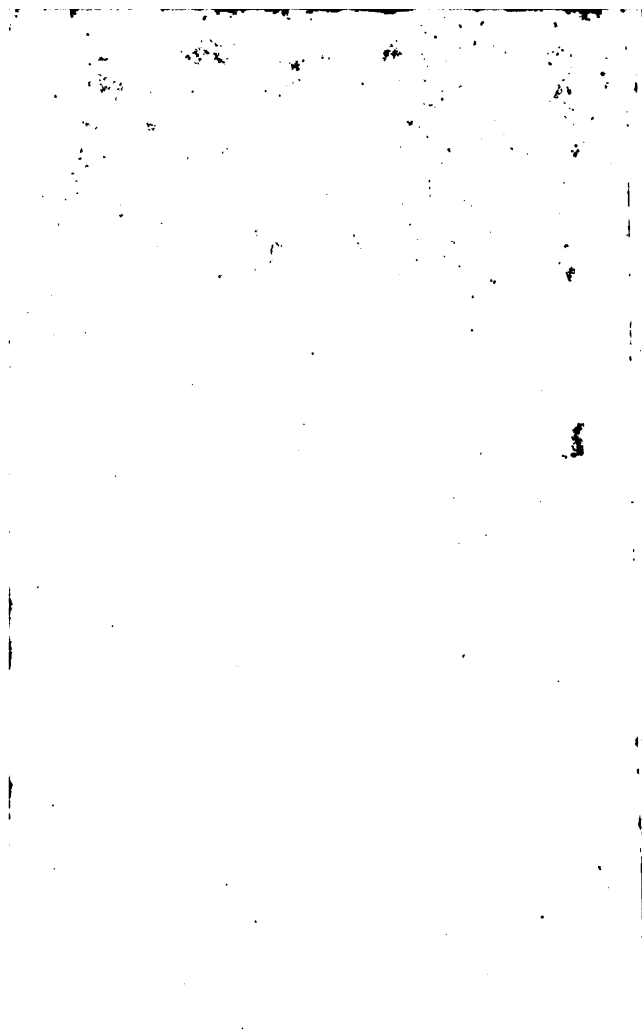
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HYMNS,

ARRANGED FOR THE

SUNDAYS AND HOLY-DAYS

OF THE

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

LONDON:

JOSEPH MASTERS, ALDERSGATE STREET,
AND NEW BOND STREET.

RIDLER, BRISTOL.

MDCCLV.

147. cl. 152.



PREFACE.

THE following arrangement of Hymns may be considered as an enlarged edition of one put forth about three years ago. The experience of that period has led to the suppression of some Hymns which were then admitted, but which upon trial were found to be for various reasons unsuited for singing in Church. The selection of "Psalms" is now also omitted, because the variety of compilations published during the same period has supplied material for greatly increasing the number of Hymns; whilst if upon any occasion it should be thought desirable to sing a Metrical Psalm, recourse can be readily had to the Prayer Book.

J. R. W.

Michaelmas, 1855.

I.—The Hymn appointed for any Sunday or Holy-day, that hath a Vigil or Eve, may be sung at the Evening Service next before.

II.—The Hymn "Holy Baptism" may be sung immediately before the Sermon at Evening Service as occasion requires, and those for the "Holy Communion," viz. Hymn 31 and Hymn 56, immediately before the commencement of the "Communion Service," superseding what would otherwise be used at those times.

III.—Hymn 90, for "Ember Week," and Hymn 91, "After Harvest," may also be used at discretion, instead of the ordinary Hymns for the Sunday.

IV.—The Hymns appointed for the Sunday may be used at Morning and Evening Prayer daily throughout the week.

HYMNS FOR SUNDAYS.

	MORNING.		EVENING.	
Sundays in Advent:				
1	Hymn 1	Hymn 3	Hymn 5	Hymn 1
2 2 1 3 5
3 4 96 98 1
4 2 1 3 5
Sundays after Christmas:				
1 6 8 7 9
2 6 8 7 9
Sundays after Epiphany:				
1 19 17 16 18
2 18 16 17 5
3 19 17 16 18
4 18 16 17 19
5 57 19 18 5
6 54 62 19 61
Septuagesima 20 79 21 22
Sexagesima 20 75 60 63
Quinquagesima 21 87 20 22
Sundays in Lent:				
1 23 52 23 24
2 51 69 26 24
3 25 23 52 24
4 26 71 25 24
5 62 51 69 24
6 27 29 28 24
Easter Day 36 35 36 38
Sundays after Easter:				
1 37 40 35 38
2 39 54 40 35
3 37 54 38 40
4 35 39 54 38
5 37 38 40 54

HYMNS FOR SUNDAYS.—CONTINUED.

	MORNING.		EVENING.	
	Hym.41	Hym.43	Hym.42	Hym.44
Sunday after Ascension ..	45	46	45	46
Whit Sunday	47	48	47	48
Trinity Sunday.....				
Sundays after Trinity:				
1	47	87	48	87
2	57	53	66	50
3	72	69	73	63
4	74	78	79	62
5	80	71	81	64
6	67	54	51	67
7	75	58	69	68
8	84	77	71	5
9	72	79	60	61
10	74	69	59	64
11	87	53	54	50
12	80	78	51	63
13	75	60	58	62
14	57	55	85	92
15	72	58	66	76
16	74	52	54	67
17	75	49	53	22
18	80	39	52	5
19	84	25	49	92
20	87	53	51	70
21	57	54	49	68
22	72	55	54	67
23	74	60	58	64
24	75	59	83	63
25	80	82	59	62
26	84	83	86	61

HYMNS FOR HOLY DAYS.

	MORNING.		EVENING.	
St. Andrew	Hym. 93	Hym. 58	Hym. 94	Hym. 58
S. Thomas	93	58	94	58
Christmas Day	6	8	7	9
S. Stephen	10	94	10	94
S. John	11	58	12	58
Innocents' Day	13	14	13	14
Circumcision	15	8	15	9
Epiphany	16	17	19	18
Conversion of S. Paul	93	94	93	94
Purific. of B. V. Mary	95	96	95	96
S. Matthias	93	94	93	94
Annunciation	96	51	96	5
Monday before Easter	29	32	31	32
Tuesday	28	32	30	32
Wednesday	30	29	39	32
Thursday	29	31	31	32
Good Friday	29	31	88	32
Easter Eve	33	34	33	34
Monday in Easter Week ..	35	40	38	37
Tuesday in Easter Week ..	37	38	39	40
S. Mark	97	66	97	66
SS. Philip and James	93	94	93	94
Ascension Day	41	42	41	42
Monday in Whitsun Week ..	45	46	45	46
Tuesday in Whitsun Week ..	45	46	45	46
S. Barnabas	93	94	93	94
S. John Baptist	98	4	98	4
St. Peter	93	94	93	94
S. James	93	94	93	94
S. Bartholomew	93	94	93	94
S. Matthew	97	58	97	58
S. Michael	99	81	99	81
S. Luke	97	58	97	58
SS. Simeon and Jude	93	94	93	94
All Saints	100	58	100	83
Ash Wednesday	23	52	23	52
Dedication of a Church ..	88	89	88	80

HYMNS FOR SUNDAYS.—CONTINUED.

	MORNING.		EVENING.	
Sunday after Ascension ..	Hym.41	Hym.43	Hym.42	Hym.44
Whit Sunday	45	46	45	46
Trinity Sunday.....	47	48	47	48
Sundays after Trinity:				
1	47	87	48	87
2	57	53	66	50
3	72	69	73	63
4	74	78	79	62
5	80	71	81	64
6	57	54	51	67
7	75	58	69	68
8	84	77	71	5
9	72	79	60	61
10	74	69	59	64
11	87	53	54	50
12	80	78	51	63
13	75	60	58	62
14	57	55	85	92
15	72	58	66	76
16	74	52	54	67
17	75	49	53	22
18	80	39	52	5
19	84	25	49	92
20	87	53	51	70
21	57	54	49	68
22	72	55	54	67
23	74	60	58	64
24	75	59	83	63
25	80	82	59	62
26	84	83	86	61

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HYMNS.

Advent.

HYMN I.

DAY of wrath! that awful day,
Shall the banner'd Cross display,
Earth in ashes melt away.

When the trumpet's thrilling tone,
Through the tombs of ages gone,
Summons all before the throne.

Death and time shall stand aghast,
And creation—at the blast,
Rise to answer for the past.

Then the volume shall be spread,
And the writing shall be read,
Which shall judge the quick and dead.

Judge of justice! Thee I pray,
Wash Thou all my sins away,
Ere that awful reckoning day.

Nought of Thee my prayers can claim,
Save in Thy free mercy's name—
Shield me from the deathless flame.

King of dreadful Majesty,
Saving souls in mercy free,
Fount of Pity, save Thou me.

Weary seeking me wast Thou,
And for me in death didst bow,
Be Thy toils availing now.

When the lost to silence driven,
To devouring flames are given,
Call me with the blest to heaven.

Day of sorrow—day of fear!
When the risen dead draw near,
At the Judgment to appear.

Lord, all-pitying Jesu, blest,
Grant us Thine eternal rest.

Amen.

HYMN II.

THE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake,
The hills their ancient seat forsake ;
And withering from the vault of night,
The stars no more shall yield their light.

The Lord will come ! but not the same
As once in lowly form He came ;
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
Mid cloud and darkness, fire and storm !
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.

O King of mercy, grant us power
To stand in that tremendous hour,
Before Thy wrath, when sinners flee,
Vouchsafe to gather us to Thee.

To Jesus, Lord of earth and heaven,
Incarnate God ; all praise be given,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
From men on earth, and angel host.

Amen.

HYMN III.

HARK ! an awful voice is sounding ;
 " Christ is nigh," it seems to say ;
Cast away the works of darkness,
 O ye children of the day.

Startled at the solemn warning,
 Let the earth-bound soul arise ;
Christ, our Sun, all gloom dispelling,
 Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo ! the Lamb, so long expected,
 Comes with pardon down from heaven ;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
 One and all to be forgiven.

So when next He comes in glory,
 Wrapping all the earth in fear ;
May He with His mercy shield us ;
 May He, to forgive, draw near !

Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
 To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
 While eternal ages run.

Amen.

HYMN IV.

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh ;
Come ye and hearken—for he brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

Now cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a guest ;
Yea, let each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward ;
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.

All praise and glory be to Thee,
Whose advent set Thy people free !
Like praise be to the Father done,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

Amen.

HYMN V.

CREATOR of the stars of night,
Thy people's everlasting light;
Jesu, Redeemer, save us all,
And hear us when to Thee we call.

In pity to our fallen race,
Thou in the fulness of Thy grace
Didst bow the heavens on high, and come,
Meek offspring of the Virgin's womb.

Majestic is Thy glory now,
To Thee both heaven and earth must bow;
Thee things terrestrial must own,
And things celestial, Lord, alone.

To Thee, O Lord, to Thee we pray,
Judge of the last tremendous day;
Protect us through th' unearthly fight,
With armour of celestial light.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
All honour, might, and glory be,
Now and throughout eternity.

Amen.

Christmas.

HYMN VI.

BE present, ye faithful,
Rejoicing, triumphant,
And hasten, and hasten to Bethlehem.
He lies in a manger,
The Monarch of angels.
O come let us adore Him!
O come let us adore Him!
O come let us adore the Lord with them!

Very God of very God,
Light of Light eternal;
The Virgin's womb He hath not abhorred;
True God everlasting,
Not made, but begotten.
O come let us adore Him!
O come let us adore Him!
O come let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.

Sing, chorus of Angels,
Sing, in exultation,
Thro' heaven's wide court be your praises pour'd.

To God in the highest,
Be honour and glory ;
O come let us adore Him !
O come let us adore Him !
O come let us worship our God and Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning ;
For ever, O Christ, be Thy name adored,
True Word of the Father,
Late in flesh appearing.
O come let us adore Him !
O come let us adore Him !
O come let us worship our God and Lord.

Amen.

HYMN VII.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground ;
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

“ Fear not,” said he, (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled minds ;)
“ Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

“To you in David’s town this day
Is born, of David’s line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign :

“The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view display’d,
All meanly wrapp’d in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address’d their joyful song :

All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease.

Amen.

HYMN VIII.

HARK ! the Herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil’d.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With th' angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Christ, by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see ;
Hail th' Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness ;
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Now He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Amen.

HYMN IX.

God from on high hath heard ;—
Let sighs and sorrows cease ;
The skies unfold,—and, lo !
Descends the gift of Peace.
Hark ! on the midnight air
Celestial voices swell ;
The hosts of heaven proclaim,
“ God comes on earth to dwell.”

Haste with the shepherds ; see
The Mystery of Grace.
A manger bed—a Child,
Is all the eye can trace.
Is this th’ eternal Son,
Who on the starry throne,
Before the worlds began,
Ruled glorious and alone ?

Yea, faith can pierce the cloud,
Which shrouds His glory now ;
And hails Him Lord and God,
To whom the angels bow.

Amen.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be ;
Of Virgin-mother born,
All glory, Christ, to Thee !

Amen.

St. Stephen's Day.

HYMN X.

O God, Thy soldiers' crown and guard,
And their exceeding great reward !
From fears and weakness set us free,
Who sing Thy martyr's victory.

• The first to tread th' appointed road
Across the deep Red Sea of blood,
He dared by death His Lord to own,
Partaker of His thorny crown.—

On this Thy martyr's triumph day,
To Thee, O King of saints, we pray ;
Uphold us in our ghostly fight,
And shield us with Thine arm of might.

Teach us from every snare to turn,
The pleasures of the world to spurn,
And for the glory of Thy Name,
With Thee to bear the cross and shame.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Unceasing praise and glory be,
Now and through all eternity.

Amen.

St. John Evangelist.

HYMN XI.

THE loved disciple of the Lord,
To weary exile driven,
Caught by the Spirit upward soar'd
From earth to highest heaven.

He that was dead, and is alive,
Then cheered his eyes again ;
The Lion, strong with death to strive,
The Lamb, for sinners slain.

O grant us, Lord, with Thee to die,
With Thee from death to rise ;
With Thee from this vain world to fly,
To meet Thee in the skies.

Now unto Him who vanquished death,
Who showed the way to heaven,
From heaven above and earth beneath,
Be endless praises given.

Amen.

HYMN XII.

O THOU ! who gav'st Thy servant grace,
On Thee, the Living Rock, to rest,
To look on Thine Incarnate Face,
And lean on Thy protecting Breast.

Grant us, O King of mercy, still
To feel Thy presence from above,
And in Thy word and in Thy will
To hear Thy voice, and know Thy love ;

And when the toils of life are done,
And earthly cares shall ended be,
To find our rest beneath Thy Throne,
And look in certain hope to Thee.

To Thee, O Jesu, Light of Light,
Whom as their King Thy saints adore,
Their strength and refuge in the fight,
Be laud and glory evermore.

Amen.

Holy Innocents.

HYMN XIII.

THE Hymn for infant martyrs raise,
Through whom the Lord perfected praise,
Whom earth so early cast away,
And heaven with joy receiv'd to-day;
Whose angels see the Father's face,
World without end, and sing His grace.

A voice from Ramah was there sent,
A voice of weeping and lament,
When Rachel mourned her children sore,
Whom for the tyrant's sword she bore;
Triumphant is their glory now,
The first for Christ in death to bow.

Dwelling on Sion's holy hill,
The Lamb's own steps they follow still;
Death hath no power to hurt them more,
The hour of pain and grief is o'er;
All bright they shine in heavenly day,
And every tear is wiped away.

Amen.

HYMN XIV.

HAIL, ye flowers of martyrdom!
Whom the ruthless sword hath torn,
On the threshold of the morn,
Rose-buds by the whirlwind shorn.

Jesu's tender martyr band,
Earliest called from earth away,
Now beneath the altar, they
With their crowns and chaplets play.

Jesu, born of Virgin's womb,
Father, Spirit, One and Three,
Sing we glory unto Thee,
Sing we everlastingly.

Amen.

Circumcision.

HYMN XV.

THE year begins with Thee,
And Thou beginn'st with woe,
To let the world of sinners see
That Blood for sin must flow.

O! are we born to tears,
Cradled in grief and care?
And seems it hard, our tender years
Few joys unmixed may share?

Look here and hold thy peace!
The Giver of all good
E'en from the womb takes no release
From sorrow, tears, and blood.

If thou would'st reap in love,
First sow in holy fear;
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

Praise to the Saviour Son,
Who came to seek the lost;
Like praise be to the Father done,
And to the Holy Ghost.

Amen.


Epiphany.

HYMN XVI.

WHY, cruel Herod, rage and fear,
When told Judea's King is near?
He takes not earthly crowns away,
Who gives the crowns that ne'er decay.

Led onward by the guiding star,
The wise men seek Him from afar;
Called by its light, to Light they pressed,
And by their gifts their God confessed.

The opening heavens their witness gave,
When He baptised in Jordan's wave,
Hallowed the water, by His grace
To cleanse from sin the human race.



Their God the blushing waters own,
By mighty sign and wonder known,
When the pure stream, poured forth in wine,
Obeyed His power and will divine.

Now unto Him, th' Incarnate Son,
Whose Godhead to the world was shown,
With God the Father glory be,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

Amen.

HYMN XVII.

BETHLEHEM ! earth's noblest cities
May not with thy name compare.
Thou alone the Lord from heaven
Didst for us Incarnate bear.

Fairer than the sun at morning,
Was the star that told His birth;
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

By its radiant beauty guided,
See the Eastern kings appear,
See them bend, their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold, and myrrh.

Offerings of mystic meaning !
Incense doth the God disclose,
Gold His kingly state proclaimeth,
Myrrh the future tomb foreshows.

Holy Jesu ! in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Endless praise to Thee be paid.

Amen.

HYMN XVIII.

ALLELUIA ! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above !
Alleluia ! thou repeatest
Angel host these notes of love :
This ye utter
While your golden harps ye move.

Alleluia ! Church victorious
Join the concert of the sky !
Alleluia ! bright and glorious
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high !
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.

Alleluia ! strains of gladness
 Suit not souls with anguish torn :
Alleluia ! sounds of sadness
 Best become our state forlorn :
 Our offences
 We with bitter tears must mourn.

But our earnest supplication,
 Holy God ! we raise to Thee :
Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Make us all Thy joys to see.
 Alleluia !
 Ours at length this strain shall be.

Amen.

HYMN XIX.

O THOU who by a star didst guide
 The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
 The place where Jesus lay !
Though by a star Thou dost not lead
 Thy servants now below ;
Yet Thy good Spirit when they need
 The path of life will show.

O grant us then Thy light and grace
To make us pure in heart ;
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter as Thou art.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
By men on earth all praise be done,
And by the heavenly host.

Amen.

~~~~~  
*Septuagesima.*  
—

HYMN XX.

JESU ! Creator of the world,  
Of all mankind, Redeemer blest ;  
True God of God ! in Whom we see  
The Father's image clear exprest.

Thou, by Thy love alone constrained,  
Hast made our mortal flesh Thine own,  
And as a second Adam come  
For the first Adam to atone.

That love all bountiful which made  
The starry sky and sea and earth,  
Took pity on our lost estate,  
And brake the bondage of our birth.

O Jesu ! in Thy heart divine  
May that same love for ever glow ;  
For ever mercy to mankind  
From that exhaustless fountain flow.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
All laud and praise and glory be,  
With Thee, O Blessed Comforter,  
Henceforth through all eternity.

Amen.

---

### HYMN XXI.

MAKER of earth, to Thee alone  
Eternal rest belongs,  
And the bright choirs around Thy throne,  
Pour forth their endless songs.

But we corrupt and sinful, here  
Are doomed to toil and pain ;  
How then can we in exile drear  
Uplift the heav'nly strain ?

Father, whose promise binds Thee still  
To make the captive free;  
Grant us to mourn the deeds of ill  
That banish us from Thee.

And mourning, grant us faith to rest  
Upon Thy love and care,  
Till Thou restore us with the blest,  
The joys of heaven to share.

O God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
To Thee be praise, Great Three in One,  
From Thy created host.

Amen.

---

HYMN XXII.      EVENING.

• SOURCE of light and life divine  
Thou didst cause the light to shine;  
Thou didst bring Thy sunbeams forth  
O'er the new created earth.

Shade of night, and morning ray,  
Took from Thee the name of day—  
Now again the shades are nigh,  
Listen to our suppliant cry.

May we ne'er by guilt oppressed  
Lose the way to endless rest ;  
May no thoughts impure and vain  
Draw our souls to earth again.

Rather lift them to the skies,  
Where the unfading treasure lies,  
Help us in our daily strife,  
Lead us in the way of life.

Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Praise and glory be to Thee  
Now and through eternity.

Amen.

---

**Trut.**

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**HYMN XXIII.**

ONCE more the solemn season calls  
A holy fast to keep ;  
And now within the sacred walls  
Let priest and people weep.



But come not thou with tears alone;  
Or outward form of prayer;  
But let it in thy heart be known,  
That penitence is there.

Thy breast to beat, thy clothes to rend,  
God asketh not of thee;  
Thy stubborn soul He bids thee bend  
In true humility.

Oh! let us, then, with heartfelt grief,  
Draw near unto our God,  
And pray to him to grant relief,  
And stay th' uplifted rod.

Blest, co-eternal, Three in One,  
To Thee we humbly pray,  
That fruits of holiness may spring  
From this our fasting day.

Amen.

---

#### HYMN XXIV.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee  
Low we bow the trembling knee;  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;

Oh, by all Thy Pains and Woe,  
Suffered once for man below,  
Bending from Thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn Litany.

By Thy Birth and early years,  
By Thy human Griefs and Fears,  
By Thy Fasting and Distress  
In the lonely wilderness,  
By Thy Victory in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power;  
Jesu, look with pitying Eye,  
Hear our solemn Litany.

By Thine agony of grief,  
By Thy pleading for relief,  
By the purple Robe of scorn,  
By Thy Wounds, Thy Crown of thorn,  
By Thy pangs and prayerful cries,  
By Thy perfect Sacrifice,  
Jesu, look with pitying Eye,  
Hear our solemn Litany.

By Thy deep expiring groan,  
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,  
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,  
By Thy power from death to save;—

Mighty God, ascended Lord,  
To Thy Throne in heaven restored,  
Prince and Saviour, hear the cry  
Of our solemn Litany.                      Amen.

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### HYMN XXV.

BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory !  
God of God, and Light of Light !  
Scatter with Thy saving knowledge  
All the shadows from our sight.

When our eyes grow dim and weary  
May our souls on Thee depend,  
Who with Thy right hand vouchsafest  
All Thy faithful to defend.

When the body's feeble nature  
Bows, oppressed by grief and pain,  
Help our souls to rise uninjured,  
Soaring up to Thee again.

Only Hope of man's salvation !  
Hear us, help us, when we pray ;  
Those whom Thou by death hast purchased,  
Cast not in Thy wrath away.

Praise and worship to the Father,  
Praise and worship to the Son,  
Praise and worship to the Spirit,  
Now and evermore be done.

Amen.

---

HYMN XXVI.

O GRACIOUS Father, bend Thine ear,  
Our tearful prayers and cries to hear.  
Searcher of hearts ! to Thee alone  
The secrets of our souls are known.

Repentant unto Thee we turn,  
O let not Thy fierce anger burn ;  
But for the glory of Thy Name,  
Thy servants spare from wrath and shame.

So teach us to the world to die,  
Each evil lust to mortify,  
That fasting, from the stain of sin  
Our souls may grow all pure within.

O Holy Father, Spirit, Son,  
Blest, co-eternal, Three in One !  
Grant that our prayers and fast may be  
The lifting of our hearts to Thee.

Amen.

## Holy Week.

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### HYMN XXVII.

GLORY and praise to Thee, Redeemer blest!  
By glad Hosannas on Thy road confessed!  
Hail Israel's King! hail David's Son adored,  
Who comest in the name of Israel's Lord!

Thee once with palms the Jews went forth to meet,  
Thee now with prayers and holy hymns we greet,  
Glory and praise to Thee, Incarnate Word,  
Who comest in the name of Israel's Lord!

Thee on Thy way to die, they crowned with praise!  
To Thee enthroned on high our song we raise.  
Glory and praise to Thee, Incarnate Word  
Who comest in the name of Israel's Lord!

Thee their frail homage pleased, O gracious King,  
Ours too accept the best that we can bring,  
Glory and praise to Thee, Incarnate Word,  
Who comest in the name of Israel's Lord!

Thy praise in heaven the host angelic sings,  
On earth mankind with all created things,  
Glory and praise to Thee by all adored,  
Who comest in the name of Israel's Lord !

Amen.

---

HYMN XXVIII.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry :  
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road  
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
In lowly pomp ride on to die !  
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
The angel armies of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,  
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
The last and fiercest strife is nigh :  
The Father on His sapphire throne,  
Expects His own Anointed One.

Amen.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
In lowly pomp ride on to die !  
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,  
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign.

Reign on ! reign on in majesty !  
Reign on in triumph, Lord most High !  
We hymn Thee on Thy throne of love,  
Almighty King, in realms above.     Amen.

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### HYMN XXIX.

FORTH goes the standard of our King,  
The sacred banner gleams on high,  
The Cross, on which to conquer death,  
The Lord of life vouchsafed to die.

Pierced by the spear, He yielded forth  
Water and blood a mingled tide ;  
A cleansing fount of priceless worth,  
For sinners flowing from His side.

O sacred, ever glorious Cross !  
Than purple throne of kings more dear,  
On thee what honour was conferred,  
That thou those holy limbs should'st bear.

O wondrous Cross ! man's only hope,  
Through which alone we look for heaven ;  
To Him who hung on thee we come  
That every sin may be forgiven.

To God th' Eternal Three in One,  
From every soul all glory be ;  
Crown, Lord, Thy servants who have gained,  
Through Thy own Cross the victory.

Amen.

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### HYMN XXX.

By the Cross, sad vigil keeping,  
Stood the mother, mourning, weeping,  
Where He hung, the dying Lord ;  
For her soul, of joy bereaved,  
Bowed with anguish, deeply grieved,  
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

Oh ! how sad and sore distressed  
Now was she, that mother blessed,  
Of the High, Eternal One !  
Pierc'd by woe, with heart's prostration,  
Mother meek, the bitter Passion  
Saw she of her glorious Son.



Who on Christ's fond mother gazing,  
Touched with tenderest woe amazing,  
Born of woman, would not weep ?  
Who, on Christ's fond mother thinking,  
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,  
Would not share her sorrows deep ?

For His people's sins rejected  
She her Son saw unprotected,  
Wear a crown with thorns entwined ;  
Saw Him next from judgment taken,  
Then in death by all forsaken,  
Till His spirit He resigned.

Jesu ! may such deep devotion  
Stir in us the same emotion,  
Fount of love, Redeemer kind !  
That our heart, fresh ardour proving,  
Thee our God and Saviour loving,  
May with Thee, acceptance find !

Amen.

## HYMN XXXI.

Of that glorious Body broken,  
O my soul, the mystery sing !  
And the Blood all price exceeding,  
Shed by Him who came to bring  
To a fallen world redemption,  
Christ our Saviour and our King.

Of a pure and spotless Virgin  
Born for us, on earth below  
He, as man with man conversing,  
Dwelt the seed of truth to sow ;  
Till He closed in solemn order,  
This His sojourning of woe.

On the night of that last Supper,  
Seated with His chosen band,  
He the Paschal vietim eating,  
First fulfils the law's command,  
Then as food, to His disciples  
Gives Himself with His own hand.

By His word, the Word Incarnate,  
Maketh bread His flesh to be ;  
Wine the blood of Christ becometh  
Though no outward change we see ;

But in every guileless spirit,  
Faith accepts the mystery.

This great Sacrament ordained,  
Let us all revering hail ;  
Ancient rites are past for ever,  
Newer means of grace prevail,  
Willing faith the lack supplieth,  
Where our earthly senses fail.

To the Everlasting Father,  
To the Everlasting Son,  
To the coeternal Spirit,  
Undivided Three in One,  
Honor, praise, salvation, blessing,  
Now and evermore be done.

Amen.

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### HYMN XXXII.

IN our Lord's atoning grief,  
Be our rest and sure relief;  
Jesus ! Thou our refuge be,  
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Crucified ! we Thee adore,  
Thee with all our hearts implore ;  
In the realms of heavenly light,  
With Thy faithful, us unite.

Thee, our only hope and tower,  
In Thy passion's solemn hour,  
Now we pray ; our sins efface,  
And increase Thy gifts of grace.

Christ ! by faithless hands betrayed,  
Christ ! for us a captive made,  
Christ ! upon the bitter tree  
Slain for man, all praise to Thee !

Amen.

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### Easter Eve.

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#### HYMN XXXIII.

O KING of angels ! Lord of grace !  
For us made poor a fallen race ;  
That we of boundless wealth possessed  
Might share with Thee Thy place of rest.

Thou didst the bitter scorn sustain,  
The deep indignity and pain ;  
And dying hast on us bestowed  
The gift of endless life with God.

While still on this low earth we move,  
Remember us with ceaseless love ;  
And grant us like the thief to see  
The joys of Paradise with Thee.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
By hell and earth and highest heaven,  
Be fear and praise and homage given.

Amen.

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#### HYMN XXXIV.

All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,  
Human taunts, and fiendish spite ;  
Death shall be despoil'd to-morrow  
Of the prey he grasps to-night.  
Yet once more, to seal his doom,  
Christ must sleep within the tomb.

Fierce and deadly was the anguish  
Which on yonder cross He bore ;  
How did soul and body languish,  
Till the toil of death was o'er ?  
But that toil so fierce and dread,  
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

Close and still the grave that holds Him,  
While in brief repose He lies ;  
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,  
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes :  
Slumber such as needs must be  
After hard-won victory.

All night long with plaintive voicing  
Sing of vanquished pain and woe ;  
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing  
From to-morrow's dawn shall flow.  
Death and hell at length are slain—  
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign.

Amen.

**Easter.****HYMN XXXV.**

At the Lamb's high feast we sing,  
Praise to our victorious King,  
Who hath washed us in the tide,  
Flowing from His wounded side.

Praise we Him, whose love divine  
Gives His sacred Blood for wine,  
Gives His Body for the feast,  
Christ the victim—Christ the Priest.

Where the Paschal Blood is poured,  
Death's dark angel sheaths his sword;  
Israel's hosts triumphant go  
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

Christ, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,  
Holy victim without stain;  
Death and hell defeated lie,  
Heaven unfolds its gates on high.

From the power of sin, set free  
Those new-born, O Lord, in Thee.  
Easter triumph, Easter joy—  
Sin alone can this destroy.

Hymns of glory and of praise,  
Father, unto Thee we raise ;  
Risen Lord, all praise to Thee,  
With the Spirit ever be.

Amen.

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### HYMN XXXVI.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,  
Our triumphant Holy-day,  
Who did once upon the Cross  
Suffer to redeem our loss.

Hymns of praise then let us sing  
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,  
Who endured the Cross and Grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.

But the pain which He endured  
Our salvation hath procured :  
Now He reigns above the sky,  
Where the Angels ever cry

Alleluia! Amen.



## HYMN XXXVII.

O COME, and with the early morn,  
Rise and lift up your voice :  
In the great victory of the Lamb  
Let all the world rejoice.

He, by His own most precious blood,  
Hath washed our sins away.  
The veil is rent, the courts of heaven  
Their endless joys display.

The seed entrusted to the ground  
Dies not, nor fruitless lies.  
From Jesu's slumber in the dust  
What glorious harvests rise !

Through Him shall all the sleeping dead  
Burst forth again to life,  
To share with Him the crowns of light,  
Who shared with Him the strife.

Praise, therefore, to the Father be,  
And to the eternal Son,  
Who, quickened by the Spirit, hath  
O'er Death the triumph won.

Amen.

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## HYMN XXXVIII.

COME! ye heavenly choirs descending,  
In our song of joy to share,  
Christ the sepulchre is leaving,  
Free among death's captives there.

Vain the soldiers watching round Him,  
Through the hours of darkness lone;  
Vain the care which sought to hold Him,  
Deep within the sealed stone.

If He will, with seals unbroken,  
He can leave the guarded tomb,  
Who, our perfect manhood bearing,  
Issued from the Virgin's womb.

On the Cross of anguish lifted,  
He shuns not the death of pain;  
But a mightier sign vouchsafeth,  
Rising into life again.

Lord, with Thee in daily dying,  
May we die, and with Thee rise,  
And, on earth ourselves denying,  
Seek the treasure of the skies.

Glory to the Eternal Father,  
To the Spirit, and the Son,  
Who, the Leader of His faithful,  
Hath in death the triumph won.

— Amen.

### HYMN XXXIX.

O JESU ! Lord of heavenly grace,  
Redeemer of our guilty race,  
What wondrous love prevailed in Thee,  
The bearer of our sins to be.

Unloosed is Satan's heavy chain,  
The power of death is snapp'd in twain ;  
He that spurned not the Virgin's womb  
Hath risen victorious from the tomb.

Lord ! let Thy mercy then prevail  
To heal the losses we bewail ;  
The light vouchsafe us of Thy face,  
Support us with Thy gifts of grace.

Be Thou our guide unto the skies,  
Be Thou the mark before our eyes,  
Our present joy to dry our tears,  
Our future prize for endless years.

— Amen.

## HYMN XL.

CHRIST is become our Paschal Lamb,  
For us condemned to die ;  
Those washed in His atoning blood  
The Avenger passes by.

Hail ! Sacred Victim by whose death  
Death hath been overcome ;  
Who by Thy burial hast dispersed  
The darkness of the tomb.

He that was dead now lives again ;  
The prison doors are riven ;  
Triumphant o'er our ghostly foe,  
He opes the gates of heaven.

O grant us, Lord, with Thee to die,  
With Thee again to rise !  
To spurn the things of earth, and seek  
The treasures of the skies.

Amen.

**Ascension.**

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**HYMN XLI.**

CHRIST, above all glory seated !  
King eternal, strong to save !  
To Thee, death by death defeated,  
Triumph high and glory gave.  
Thou art gone, where now is given,  
What no mortal might could gain ;  
On the Eternal Throne of heaven,  
In Thy Father's power to reign.  
There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,  
Heaven above and earth below,  
While the depths of hell before Thee,  
Trembling and defeated bow.  
We, oh Lord ! with hearts adoring,  
Follow Thee above the sky.  
Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,  
Lift our souls to Thee on high.  
So when Thou again in glory  
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,  
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,  
Owned for evermore as Thine.

Hail ! all hail ! in Thee confiding,  
Jesu ! Thee shall all adore,  
In Thy Father's might abiding  
With One Spirit evermore.

Amen.

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HYMN XLII.

THOU, O Christ ! Thy work hast done,  
Thou the victory hast won ;  
Endless glory, once laid by,  
Now recalls Thee to the sky.

Now unfold th' eternal gates  
Where the host of angels waits ;  
Seated on the Father's throne,  
Thee both God and man we own.

There vouchsafe to intercede,  
And for us Thy merits plead,  
Grace and glory thence bestow  
On the Church, Thy spouse below.

Jesu ! praise to Thee be given,  
Now returned in peace to heaven ;  
Holy Father ! praise to Thee,  
With the Spirit ever be.

Amen.

*Sunday after Ascension Day.*

## HYMN XLIII.

RULER of the hosts of light!  
Death hath yielded to Thy might;  
And Thy Blood hath marked a road,  
Leading to Thine own abode.

From Thy dwelling place above,  
From Thy Father's Throne of love,  
Still remember, Saviour kind!  
Those whom Thou hast left behind.

Thou art seated on the Throne,  
By Thy death and sorrows won;  
Now Thy work of mercy crown,  
Send Thy Holy Spirit down.

Praise the Son, enthroned on high  
In the Father's majesty,  
And the Holy Ghost adore,  
Three in One for evermore.

Amen.

## HYMN XLIV.

O THOU, gone up our Harbinger,  
Within the courts on high,  
Look on Thy servants helpless here,  
And lift them to the sky.

Make us to those delights aspire,  
Which spring from love to Thee,  
Which pass the carnal heart's desire,  
Which faith alone can see.

Where God shall His true children own,  
In Him for ever blest;  
And He the toils af all shall crown,  
And be Himself their rest.

Thy grace alone to Thee can lead,  
And place us near Thy Throne,  
To help us therefore in our need,  
Send down Thy Holy One.

All praise to Thee at God's right hand,  
All praise be ever done,  
In every age, in every land,  
To Thee Dread Three in One.

Amen.



## Whitsunday.

## HYMN XLV.

COME, Holy Ghost ! our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire ;  
Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above,  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love,  
Enable with perpetual light,  
The dullness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled face,  
With the abundance of Thy grace ;  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home,  
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee, of both, to be but One ;  
That, through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song ;  
Praise to Thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Amen.

## HYMN XLVI.

CREATOR! Spirit! Lord of grace!  
Make Thou our hearts Thy dwelling place,  
And with Thy might celestial aid  
The souls of men, which Thou hast made.

O Finger of the Hand Divine,  
The seven-fold Gifts of Grace are Thine;  
And touched by Thee the lips proclaim  
All praise to God's most Holy Name.

Do Thou Thy heavenly Light impart,  
And give Thy Love to every heart;  
Turn all our weakness into might,  
O Thou the source of Life and Light.

Protect us from th' assailing foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;  
Upheld by Thee, our Strength and Guide,  
No evil can our steps betide.

Spirit of Faith, on us bestow,  
The Father and the Son to know;  
That with them we may worship Thee,  
Eternal One, eternal Three.

To God the Father let us sing;  
To God the Son our risen King,  
And equally with them adore,  
The Spirit—God for evermore.

Amen.

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Trinity Sunday.

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HYMN XLVII.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to  
Thee,  
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty,  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the Saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around  
the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and Seraphim, falling down before  
Thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! tho' the darkness hide Thee,  
Tho' the eye of sinful man Thy glory may  
not see,

Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty,  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in  
earth, and sky, and sea,

Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty,  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity.

Amen.

---

### HYMN XLVIII.

FATHER of all, to Thee we raise,  
The tribute of our grateful praise,  
Who for our double life hast given,  
Bread from the earth, and bread from heaven.

Thou too, O Jesu! be adored,  
The only Son, th' Almighty Lord,  
Who our salvation to become  
Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

And Thou, who didst vouchsafe to rest  
Upon the Virgin mother blest,  
Eternal Spirit! laud and praise,  
Heart and voice to Thee we raise.

Three Persons but one God! whose grace  
Preserves and saves our human race,  
With hearts rejoicing, Lord, in Thee,  
We hymn this mighty mystery.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Laud, honour, glory, majesty,  
Now and henceforth for ever be.

Amen.

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### Hymns for the Sundays after Trinity.

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#### HYMN XLIX.

HOSANNA to the living Lord!  
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!  
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
Let earth, let heaven, hosanna sing.  
Hosanna Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord ! thine angels cry ;  
Hosanna, Lord ! thy saints reply ;  
Above, beneath us, and around,  
The dead and living swell the sound.

Hosanna Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

O Saviour ! with protecting care,  
Abide in this Thy house of prayer,  
Where we Thy parting promise claim,  
Assembled in Thy sacred Name.

Hosanna Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

But chiefest, in our cleansed breast,  
Eternal ! let Thy Spirit rest,  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.  
Hosanna Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

So in the last, the dreadful day,  
When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

Hosanna Lord ! Hosanna in the highest !

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honour, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth and all in heaven.

Hosanna Lord ! Hosanna in the highest!

Amen.

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HYMN L.

EVENING.

ERE the waning light decay,  
God of all, to Thee we pray,  
Let Thine angel guards descend,  
Us to succour and defend.

Guard from dreams that may affright,  
Guard from terrors of the night ;  
Guard from foes, without, within,  
Outward danger, inward sin.

Mindful of our only stay,  
Duly thus to Thee we pray ;  
Duly thus to Thee we raise  
Solemn hymns of grateful praise.

Hear our prayer, Almighty King !  
Hear our praises while we sing !  
Hymning with the heav'nly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

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HYMN LI.

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
Jesu ! Son of Mary, hear !

Thou our human flesh hast worn,  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
Thou hast shed the frequent tear :  
Jesu ! Son of Mary, hear !

When the heart is sad within,  
With the thought of all its sin,  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Jesu ! Son of Mary, hear !

Thou the shame of sin hast known,  
Though the sin was not Thine own,  
Thou hast deigned its weight to bear :  
Jesu ! Son of Mary, hear !



Thou hast bow'd the dying Head,  
Thou the blood of life hast shed;  
When our final doom is near,  
Jesu! Son of Mary, hear!

Amen.

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HYMN LII.

LORD! in this Thy mercy's day,  
Ere the time shall pass away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesu! grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere the hour of doom appears.

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die,

By Thy tears of bitter woe,  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

Judge and Saviour of our race,  
When we see Thee face to face,  
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

On Thy love we rest alone,  
And that love will then be known  
By the pardoned round Thy throne.

Amen.

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### HYMN LIII.

O CHRIST, our hope, our heart's desire,  
Redemption's only spring,  
Creator of the world art Thou,  
Its Saviour and its King.

How vast the mercy and the love,  
Which laid our sins on Thee,  
And led Thee to a cruel death,  
To set Thy people free.

## Holy Baptism.

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### HYMN LV.

LAMB of God ! for sinners slain;  
By Thy mercy born again,  
For Thy guidance still we pray,  
Lest from grace we fall away.

By the mystic, cleansing flood,  
By the Water and the Blood,  
Washed and sanctified to Thee,  
Pure and holy let us be.

Aid us with Thy daily grace,  
Steadfastly to run our race;  
Grant us victory in the strife,  
And the prize of endless life.

Laud and praise from all on earth,  
To the God of our new birth;  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

## Holy Communion.

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### HYMN LVI.

THEE we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee,  
 Who in Thy Supper with us deign'st to be ;  
 Both flesh and spirit at Thy presence fail,  
 Yet here Thy Presence we devoutly hail.

O blest memorial of our dying Lord,  
 Who living Bread to men doth here afford !  
 O may our souls for ever feed on Thee,  
 And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be.

Fountain of Goodness ! Jesu, Lord and God !  
 Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing  
     blood ;  
 Increase our faith and love, that we may know  
 The hope and peace which from Thy presence  
     flow.

O Christ ! whom now beneath a veil we see,  
 May what we thirst for soon our portion be,  
 To gaze on Thee unveiled ; and see Thy face,  
 The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace:

Amen.

## HYMN LVII. MORNING.

O KING Eternal ! Lord of grace,  
Creator of the realms of space ;  
Who before time had begun  
Wast with the Almighty Father One.

To Thee our morning hymn we raise,  
In mingled penitence and praise ;  
Pardon our sins, O Lord, we pray,  
And keep us safely through the day.

Thou, Lord ! of every human heart  
The One Omniscient Searcher art ;  
The Good Physician, making whole  
The hidden wounds which kill the soul.

Most Holy ! we Thine aid implore,  
Our stricken souls to health restore ;  
Eternal Father, Mighty Son !  
And Holy Spirit Three in One !

Amen.

## HYMN LVIII.

JERUSALEM! blest city,  
Name of celestial sound,  
With living stones upbuilded,  
With angel armies crowned.  
Thou art the golden mansion,  
Where saints for ever sing,  
The seat of God's own chosen,  
The palace of our King.  
There God for ever dwelleth,  
Himself of all the crown;  
The Lamb a light there shineth,  
And never goeth down.  
Nought to that city cometh  
Its people to molest;  
They praise their God for ever,  
Nor day nor night they rest.  
To Christ, the Sun that lightens  
His Church, above, below,  
The Father, and the Spirit,  
Let praise for ever flow.

Amen.

## HYMN LIX.

BRIEF life is here our portion,  
Brief sorrow, short-liv'd care :  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life is there.

O gracious retribution,  
Short toil, eternal rest ;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest.

Awhile we fight the battle,  
And then we wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown.

'Midst power that knows no limit,  
And wisdom without bound,  
The beatific vision  
Shall glad the saints around.

There Christ, our King and portion,  
In fullness of His grace,  
Shall we behold for ever,  
And worship face to face.

Amen.

## HYMN LX.

CREATOR of mankind !

Thy promised help we claim,  
That so our life Thou may'st not find  
Unworthy of Thy name.

If Thou Thy grace deny,  
In vain for Thee we strive ;  
In Thee alone to sin we die,  
In Thee alone we live.

Our goings, Lord, uphold,  
Till this dark vale be passed,  
And in Thy love and fear made bold,  
We reach our rest at last.

O happy, peaceéful rest,  
Prepared for saints above !  
Where they, with endless quiet blest,  
Drink of Thy streams of love.

O Trinity divine !  
To Thee our hearts we raise !  
May we Thy ransomed people join,  
And share their songs of praise.

Amen.



## HYMN LXI. EVENING.

O God, of all the strength and stay,  
Who dost Thyself unmoved abide ;  
And all the changing hours of day  
In their ordained succession guide.

Thy light upon our evening pour,  
So may our life no sunset see ;  
But death to us an holy door  
Of everlasting glory be.

Father of Mercies ! grant our prayer,  
And Thou Co-equal Only Son !  
Who with the Holy Spirit art  
Through everlasting ages One.

Amen.

---

HYMN LXII. EVENING.

ALMIGHTY God, Thy throne above  
No time can change, no power can move ;  
The fleeting hours Thy word obey,  
In ceaseless course by night and day

Oh! when the night of death is near  
With Thy bright beams our spirits cheer :  
And grant us then the day to see,  
And live in endless light with Thee.

O, Holy Father, Holy Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Thy guiding presence we implore ;  
That we may praise Thee evermore.

Amen.

---

HYMN LXIII. EVENING.

CREATOR of the light supreme  
Who bringest forth the morning ray,  
Who in the infancy of time  
The pillars of the earth didst lay.  
  
Who blending morn with dewy eve  
Didst in Thy wisdom name them day,—  
Now o'er the world dull night descends,  
O hearken as to Thee we pray.  
  
Lest the sad soul by guilt o'erwhelmed  
Lose the reward of life divine,  
Eternity fade from our thoughts,  
And snares of sin around us twine.

O may we knock at heaven's own gate,  
The prize of life eternal win,  
Shun every word and work of ill,  
And purge our hearts from every sin.

These mercies Holy Father grant,  
And Thou Co-equal Only Son,  
Who with the Holy Spirit art  
Through everlasting ages One.

Amen.

---

HYMN LXIV. EVENING.

MAKER of all things, God most High,  
Great Ruler of the starry sky,  
Robing the day in glorious light,  
In sweet repose the quiet night.

We thank Thee for the daylight gone,  
We pray Thee as the night comes on,  
O help us as we feebly raise  
To Thee our evening hymn of praise.

To Thee our lips their tribute bring  
Thee our united voices sing,—  
Thee may our chastened souls adore,  
To Thee our pure affections soar.

Christ! with the Father ever One,  
Spirit! of Father and of Son,  
God! over all of mighty sway,  
Shield us, blest Trinity! we pray.

Amen.

---

HYMN LXV. EVENING.

ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light:  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
To die, that this vile body may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.

When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No power of darkness me molest.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above angelic host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

---

HYMN LXVI.

'Tis for conquering kings to gain  
Glory o'er their thousands slain ;  
Jesu ! Thy more glorious strife  
Hath restored a world to life.

So no other name is given  
Unto mortals under heaven,  
Which can make the dead to rise,  
And exalt them to the skies.

That which Christ so hardly wrought,  
That which He so dearly bought,  
Let not thankless hearts again,  
Sin and folly, render vain.

Rather, gladly for His Name  
Let us bear the cross and shame ;  
Joyfully for Him to die  
Is not death, but victory.

Jesu ! Health and Life of all,  
Hear us when to Thee we call ;  
To our prayers propitious be,  
As we make our boast in Thee.

To the Father and the Son  
Laud and praise be ever done ;  
Glory to the Holy Ghost,  
Ever from the heavenly host.

Amen.

---

HYMN LXVII. EVENING.

THE day is past and gone,  
Great God we bow to Thee,  
Again as shades of night steal on,  
Unto Thy Side we flee.

O when shall that day come,  
Ne'er sinking in the west,  
That country and that holy home,  
Where none shall break our rest ?

Where all things shall be peace,  
And pleasure without end,  
And golden harps that never cease,  
With joyous hymns shall blend ?

Where we, preserved beneath  
The shelter of Thy wing,  
For evermore Thy praise shall breathe,  
And of Thy mercy sing ?

To God the Father praise,  
And to the Eternal Son,  
And to the Holy Ghost always,  
Co-equal Three in One.

Amen.

---

HYMN LXVIII.      EVENING.

SUN of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near ;  
O may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes !

When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought how sweet to rest,  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn to eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live ;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till in the ocean of Thy love,  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, angelic host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

---

#### HYMN LXIX.

O THOU Almighty source of love,  
Ruling the world alone,  
In substance One, in Persons Three,  
Upon the eternal throne.

For Thy dear mercy's sake receive  
The prayers to Thee we pour,  
And purify our hearts, to taste  
Thy goodness more and more.

Our flesh and spirit here below,  
Lord, in Thy fire refine;  
Break down our self-indulgent will,  
Gird us with strength divine.



So may we all, who here are met  
Thy Holy Name to bless,  
One day in our eternal home,  
Thine endless joys possess.

Father of mercies, hear our cry ;  
Hear us, co-equal Son ;  
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost,  
While ceaseless ages run.

Amen.

---

HYMN LXX.      EVENING.

BEFORE the ending of the day,  
Creator of the world ! we pray  
That with Thy wonted favour Thou  
Would'st be our Guard and Keeper now.

Uplift us with Thine arm of might,  
So may our souls rise pure and bright ;  
With love divine our hearts inflame,  
To praise Thee for Thy glorious Name.

Within our spirits ever dwell,  
And worldly darkness thence expel ;  
The faith of old by saints professed,  
Root deep within our inmost breast.

Author of all things, gracious Guide,  
In life be ever at our side ;  
And when the assaults of death impend,  
Thy people strengthen and defend.

All glory, Saviour Lord, to Thee,  
Who rose from death triumphant, be ;  
To Thee be fear and homage given,  
By hell, and earth, and highest heaven.

Amen.

---

#### HYMN LXXI.

Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
Let the Water and the Blood,  
From Thy riven Side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
All for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne,  
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Amen.

---

HYMN LXXII. MORNING.

Now that the daylight fills the sky,  
We lift our hearts to God on high,  
That He in all we do or say,  
Would keep us free from harm to-day.

Would keep our inmost conscience pure,  
Our souls from folly would secure ;  
From all ill sights would turn our eyes,  
And close our ears from vanities.

So we, when this new day is done,  
And night in turn is stealing on,  
With spirit by the world unstained,  
Shall praise His Name for victory gained.

O Father ! what we ask be done,  
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son ;  
Who with the Holy Ghost and Thee  
Shall live and reign eternally.

Amen.

---

HYMN LXXIII.

O God, our Help in ages past,  
Our Hope for years to come,  
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal Home !

Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne  
Still may we dwell secure :  
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

•

A thousand ages, in Thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They pass forgotten, as a dream  
Flies at the opening day.

O God, our Help in ages past,  
Our Hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal Home.                      Amen.

---

HYMN LXXIV.      MORNING.

Jesu ! the very thought is sweet !  
In that dear name all heart-joys meet ;  
But sweeter than the honey far  
The glimpses of His Presence are.

No word is sung more dear than this,  
No name is heard more full of bliss,  
No thought brings surer comfort nigh,  
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

Jesu ! the Hope of souls forlorn !  
How good to them for sin that mourn !  
To them that seek Thee O how kind !  
But what art Thou to them that find ?

Remain with us, O Lord, to-day,  
In every heart Thy grace display ;  
That now the shades of night are fled,  
On Thee our spirits may be fed.

All honour, laud, and glory be,  
O Jesu, virgin-born, to Thee ;  
Praise to the Father and the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

Amen.

---

HYMN LXXV. MORNING.

O God, the Lord of place and time,  
Who orderest all things prudently,  
Brightening with beams the morning prime,  
And burning in the mid-day sky.

Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,  
The wasting fevers of the heart ;  
From perils guard our feeble life,  
And to our souls Thy peace impart.

This grace on Thy redeem'd confer,  
Father, co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost the Comforter,  
Eternal Three in One.

Amen.

---

HYMN LXXVI.

EVENING.

God, that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light;  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night;  
May Thine angel-guards defend us,  
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;  
And when we die,  
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,  
All peaceful lie;  
When the last dread call shall wake us,  
Do not Thou, O God, forsake us,  
But to reign in glory take us,  
With Thee on high.

Amen.

## HYMN LXXVII.

Jesu ! the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills the breast ;  
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,  
And in Thy Presence rest.

Jesu ! may all Thy saving Name,  
Thy wondrous love adore,  
And seeking Thee, themselves inflame  
To seek Thee more and more.

Jesu ! who dost all hearts below  
With life and light inspire,  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
All that we can desire.

Jesu ! our only Joy be Thou,  
As Thou our Prize wilt be ;  
Jesu ! be Thou our Glory now,  
And through eternity.

Amen.



## HYMN LXXVIII.

YE servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait,  
Observant of His heavenly word,  
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,  
Trim well the golden flame,  
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,  
For awful is His Name.

Watch;—'tis your Lord's command;  
And while we sing He's near,  
Mark the first signal of His Hand,  
And wait with love and fear.

O happy servant he,  
So true and wakeful found,  
He with sure hope His Lord shall see,  
And be with honour crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread  
With His own royal Hand,  
And raise that faithful servant's head,  
Among His Angel-band.

To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit glory be,  
As was, and is, and shall be so  
To all eternity.

Amen.

---

HYMN LXXIX.

PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore Him,  
Praise Him, angels, in the height ;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,  
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.  
Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken,  
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;  
Laws which never shall be broken  
For their guidance hath He made.  
  
Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;  
Never shall His promise fail :  
God hath made His saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail.  
Praise the God of our salvation ;  
Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;  
Heaven and earth and all creation  
Laud and magnify His name.

Amen.

## HYMN LXXX. MORNING.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice. .

Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,  
And live this day as if thy last ;  
Thy talents to improve take care ;  
For the great day thyself prepare.

Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the Angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
Glory to the Eternal King.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will ;  
And with Thyself my spirit fill. .

Glory to Thee, Who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept ;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, angelic host :  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

---

HYMN LXXXI.

AROUND the throne of God a band  
Of bright and glorious Angels stand ;  
Sweet harps within their hands they hold,  
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

Some wait around Him, ready still  
To sing His praise and do His will ;  
And some, when He commands them, go,  
To guard His servants here below.

Lord, give Thine Angels every day  
Command to guide us on our way,  
And bid them every evening keep  
Their watch around us while we sleep.

So shall no wicked thing draw near,  
To do us harm, or cause us fear,  
And we shall dwell, when life is past,  
With Angels round Thy throne at last.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, Angelic Host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

---

HYMN LXXXII.

OH ! what, if we are Christ's,  
Is earthly shame or loss ?  
Bright shall our crown of glory be,  
When we have borne the Cross.

Keen was the trial once,  
Bitter the cup of woe,  
When martyred Saints, baptized in blood,  
Christ's sufferings shared below ;

Bright is their glory now,  
Boundless their joy above,  
Where, on the bosom of their God,  
They rest in perfect love.

Lord ! may that grace be ours,  
Ever like them to bear  
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,  
May be our portion here.

Enough if Thou at last  
The word of blessing give;  
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,  
Where Saints and Angels live.

Give to the Father praise,  
Praise to th' Eternal Son,  
Praise to the Holy Spirit's Name,  
Eternal Three in One. Amen.

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### HYMN LXXXIII.

WHEN storms and tempests o'er us roll,  
Our hope is in the skies;  
To Thee, O God, our anxious soul  
And earnest prayers arise.

Thou, Father, dost Thine aid afford,  
Before the prayer is made,  
In all our weakness, gracious Lord,  
Thy strength is full display'd.

The sufferings that our souls oppress,  
Thy mightier Hand shall cure,  
And Thine avenging arm redress  
The wrongs we now endure.

Oh, then, what full success shall smile  
On all our labours past !  
Who would not gladly weep awhile,  
To reap such joys at last ?

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One mighty God of Heaven,  
All glory by the Angel host,  
And saints on earth, be given.      Amen.

---

HYMN LXXXIV.      MORNING.

O THOU, the Father's Image blest,  
Who callest forth the morning ray ;  
O Thou, eternal Light of Light,  
Whom day and night alike obey.

True Sun ! upon our souls arise,  
Shining in beauty evermore,  
And through each heart the quick'ning beams  
Of Thine eternal Spirit pour.

Confirm in us each good resolve ;  
Subdue the wily tempter's might ;  
Turn each misfortune to our good ;  
In all we do, direct us right.

Be Thou, Oh Christ ! our daily food ;  
Do Thou our daily cup supply,  
While from the Spirit's living well,  
We drink unfailing strength and joy.

To God th' eternal Three in One,  
Be endless praise and glory given,  
Who called us when in darkness lost,  
To share the light and life of heaven.

Amen.

---

HYMN LXXXV.

JESU ! Lover of our souls,  
To Thy mercy we would fly,  
While the billow near us rolls,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide us, Lord and Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past,  
Safe into the haven guide,  
And receive our souls at last !

Other refuge we have none ;  
Cling we only unto Thee ;  
Leave oh leave us not alone,  
Our support and comfort be !



All our hope on Thee is stayed ;  
All our help from Thee we bring ;  
Cover the defenceless head,  
With the shadow of Thy wing !

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to pardon all our sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep us pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let us take of Thee ;  
Spring Thou up in every heart,  
Reign to all eternity.

Amen.

---

### HYMN LXXXVI.

How great the wonders of the Cross,  
Where our Redeemer bled and died !  
Its noblest life our spirit draws  
From His deep Wounds and pierced Side.  
Lo ! from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Forbid it, Lord, that we should boast,  
Save in the Cross of Christ our God;  
All the vain things which tempt us most,  
Are naught to His Atoning Blood.

Let this world's joys be all forgot,  
Its gain be loss in our esteem,  
Christ and His love fill every thought,  
And faith and hope be fixed on Him.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven and earth adore,  
Be glory as in ages past,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

Amen.

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### HYMN LXXXVII.

THREE Holy God of wondrous might,  
O Trinity of love divine!  
To Thee belongs unclouded light,  
And everlasting joys are Thine.  
Before Thy Throne dark clouds abound,  
About Thee shine such dazzling rays  
That Angels, as they stand around,  
For ever tremble as they gaze.

Father, may we Thy laws fulfil!

Bless'd Son, may we Thy precepts learn!  
And Thou, Oh! Spirit, guide our will,  
Our feet unto Thy pathway turn.

Yea, Father, may Thy will be done,  
May we Thy hallow'd Name adore,  
Together with Thy blessed Son,

And Holy Spirit evermore.                      Amen.

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Dedication of a Church.

—
HYMN LXXXVIII.

BLESSED city, heav'nly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones upbuilt,
Art the joy of heaven above,
And, with angel hosts encircled,
As a bride to earth dost move!

Christ is made the sure foundation
And the precious corner stone;
Set like polished stones around Him,
Fashioned by his hand alone,
All His faithful there united
Hymn th' Eternal Three in One.

Bright with pearls the portal glitters,
It is open evermore,
And by virtue of His merits
Thither faithful souls may soar,
Who for Christ's dear Name, in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.

Praise and honour to the Father,
And the Son, with one accord;
Praise the Spirit, whose anointing
From His fulness on us poured,
Consecrates our souls for ever
Living temples to the Lord.

Amen.

HYMN LXXXIX.

O WORD of God above!
Who fillest all in all,
Hallow this house with Thy sure Love,
And bless our Festival.
Grace in this Font is stored,
To cleanse each guilty child;
The Spirit's blest anointing poured
Brightens the once defiled.

Here Christ of His Own Blood
Himself the Chalice gives,
And feeds His Own with Angels' food,
On which the spirit lives.

For guilty souls that pine
Sure mercies here abound ;
And healing grace, with oil and wine,
For every secret wound.

Yea, God enthroned on high,
Here also dwells to bless ;
Here trains the souls that contrite sigh
His mansions to possess.

Against this holy home
Dark tempests harmless rain ;
And Satan's angels fiercely come
With utmost strength in vain.

To God the Father praise,
And to the Eternal Son,
And to the Holy Ghost always,
Co-equal Three in One.

Amen.

Ember Week.

HYMN XC.

CHRIST is gone up : yet ere He passed
From earth, in Heaven to reign,
He formed one Holy Church to last
Till He should come again.

His twelve Apostles first He made
His ministers of Grace :
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

So age by age, and year by year,
His Grace was handed on ;
And still the Holy Church is here,
Although her Lord is gone.

Let those find pardon, Lord ! from Thee,
Whose love to her is cold ;
Bring wanderers in, and let there be
One Shepherd and one Fold.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
By man on earth be glory done,
And by the heavenly Host.

Amen.

After Harvest.

HYMN XCI.

FATHER of Mercies, God of Love,
Whose gifts all creatures share !
The rolling seasons as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.
When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
The seasons, gracious Lord, are Thine !
The spring-tide knew Thy call ;
Thou mad'st the summer suns to shine,
The summer dews to fall.
O ne'er may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook Thy bounteous care ;
But what our Father's hand imparts,
Still own in praise and prayer.
So shall our suns more grateful shine,
Our showers more genial fall,
When all our hearts and lives are Thine,
And Thou adored in all. Amen.

HYMN XCII.

EVENING.

As now the sun's declining rays
Towards the west descend,
E'en so our years are sinking down
To their appointed end.

Lord, on the Cross Thine Arms were stretched,
To draw us to the sky :
O grant us then that Cross to love,
And in those Arms to die.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel-host.

Amen.

Feast of an Apostle.

HYMN XCIII.

3 TH' Eternal Spirit's gifts,
The apostle's glorious praise,
Their victories and high reward,
Of these our song we raise.

Princes of Israel they,
Triumphant chiefs of war,
Brave soldiers of the Heavenly court,
True lights beheld afar.

Their's was the shield of faith,
And quenchless zeal's pure glow;
And their's the Spirit's sword, which laid
The power of this world low.

In them the Father shone,
In them the Son o'ercame,
In them the Holy Spirit wrought,
And filled their hearts with flame.

Then to the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As was, and is, and shall be so
Through all eternity.

Amen.

Feast of an Apostle and Martyr.**HYMN XCIV.**

YE servants of a martyr'd Lord,
 His martyrs' toils and praise record,
 The palms and crowns that never fade,
 Which God in store for them hath laid.

Long tost upon the stormy tide,
 With 'Christ their Leader and their Guide ;
 Homeward on their own blood they past,
 And in still waters rest at last.

O Saviour, may our portion be
 With those who gave themselves to Thee,
 Throughout eternity to sing
 High praise to Thee, the martyrs' King.

As soldiers, Lord, of Thy dear Cross,
 Prepare our souls for pain and loss ;
 On Thy right arm make us confide,
 And gladly die for Him who died.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One ;
 Eternal praise to each be given,
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

HYMN XCV.

Sion ! ope thy hallowed gates,
 Christ before His temple waits.
 Types and shadows disappear,
 Priest and Victim, Christ is here.

Flocks and herds shall bleed no more,
 Altars smoke not as before ;
 Now the everlasting Son
 Comes as man for man to atone.

Simeon's aged eyes behold,
 Anna hails the Hope foretold ;
 Awe and joy around are spread,
 By that heavenly Presence dread.

Silent kneels the mother blest,
 Pond'ring all things in her breast ;
 Solemn thoughts by man unheard,
 Fitly greet the silent Word.

Glory to the Father, Son,
 And blest Spirit, Three in One ;
 Holy Trinity, we raise
 Unto Thee our ceaseless praise.

Amen.

Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

HYMN XCVI.

VIRGIN-born ! we bow before Thee,
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee ;
Mary, mother, meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her Child.

Blessed was the breast that fed Thee,
Blessed was the hand that led Thee ;
Blessed she whose anxious eye,
Watched Thy slumbering infancy.

Blessed she of all creation,
Who brought forth the world's salvation !
But above all others blest,
They who love and serve Thee best.

Amen.

St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke,
Evangelists.

HYMN XCVII.

BEHOLD ! the messengers of Christ,
In words celestial trace,
The hidden mysteries of God,
The secrets of His grace.

The things through mists and shadows dim,
By elder prophets seen,
In the full light of day they saw,
With not a cloud between.

One Holy Spirit rules them all,
For He to each was near :
To us by them that Spirit speaks,
His voice in them we hear.

O Holy Spirit ! who to man
Those words of truth didst give ;
That truth incite us to receive,
And by its rules to live.

Amen.

St. John the Baptist.

HYMN XCVIII.

Lo ! from the desert homes,
Where he hath sojourn'd long,
The new Elias comes
In sternest wisdom strong ;
The Voice that cries
Of Christ from high,
And judgment nigh,
From opening skies.

Your God e'en now doth stand
At heaven's opening door ;
His fan is in His hand,
And He will purge His floor.
The wheat he claims
And with Him stows ;
The chaff He throws
To deathless flames.

Ye haughty mountains bow
Your heads that seek the sky ;
Ye valleys hiding low,
Lift up yourselves on high ;
Make His way plain
Your King before,
For evermore
He comes to reign.

O may thy voice around,
Thou harbinger of light,
On our dull ears still sound ;
Lest here we sleep in night
Till judgment come ;
And on our path
Shall burst the wrath,
And endless doom.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addrest;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

Amen.

St. Michael and all Angels.

HYMN XCIX.

WHERE the angelic hosts adore Thee,
Thou, O God, in heaven dost reign;
At Thy word they rose around Thee,
And Thy word doth them sustain.
Thousand times ten thousand, bending
At Thy throne, their homage pay;
Flames of fire in strength excelling,
Swift Thy pleasure to obey.

Fashioned in a wondrous order,
Thee they serve, their Lord and King.
Grant that in our cares and danger,
They to us may succour bring.

Praise to Thee! who hast created
Earth and heaven, with all their host,—
Praise to Thee, O God! most mighty,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

All Saints.

HYMN C.

THOSE whom one glory crowns above,
One day remembers here;
What tongue can tell their glory won,
In peril, toil, and fear.

A countless host in bright array,
Around the throne they stand;
With robes made white in Jesu's blood,
And palms in every hand.

They rest not day and night, but still
The voice of praise prolong :
Like mighty waters sounds afar
The thunder of their song.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more :
Nor sun with scorching ray :
God is their sun, the Lamb their light,
In that eternal day.

Glory to God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest ;
Who for His faithful hath prepared
That everlasting rest.

Amen.

